Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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By Samuel Coate Atkinson,

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From Blackwood's Magazine

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hoarse clatter'd the crow on the boughs overhead,
And the cur dog howl'd from the cottage;
Boded both to my spirit no omens of dread,
And added fresh gloom to the hour.

Each frowned like a dearth; the clouds roll'd above
In massive shadows, a double threat;
While the stream, as it flow'd through October's wan grove,
Had itself into wailing its song.

Then sunk the red sun o'er the verge of the hill,
The dull twilight breeze roused it's dismal,
And night's sable mantle of existence were still,
Through the spaces that bordered the road.

'Twas a scene of set hues—beneath its cold tree,
All pensive I sate on a moss-covered stone,
And thought that whatever the future might be,
How sweet were the days which were gone!

I mused on the friends who had passed to the grave,
Like spectres of Fear over me they came,
Then, listening, I heard but the dull hollow wave
Of the rank grass, beaten'd by the wind.

I thought on the days, on the years that were past,
When Hope rear'd her fairy-built piles to the view;
Then turned to the dark and the dreary before,
And the wither'd plants index with dew.

Thrice happy I deem'd, were the perish'd and dead,
Since pleasure but mock'd me into woe;
And the friends, with whom youth's sunny morning had wreathed,
Have left us alone o'er its close.

Who longest survive but the longer deplore,
Since Heaven calls its own to the soonest away;
The holly-tree smiles through the snows lying hour,
But the pleasure flower fades in a day!

DELTA.

Misadventures of a Lover.

As I was walking one day up the Strand, arm-in-arm with a friend, we met an extremely handsome young female, with whom my friend was acquainted. "Miss Jackson," said he, making a polite inclination of the head from the young lady to me. "Mr. H——," said he, with a very pretty nod (such as Miss Jackson's). The half-minute's conversation we had with the young lady, only served to deepen the impression her charms had made on me at the first glance. My readers know, from what I have told them before, that I had this night the remarkable facility with which I fall in love. A look, a nod, a word spoken, from an engaging female, has a dozen times set me on fire for my poor heart. To be brief, I was completely smitten in this case. In parting with Miss Jackson and her mother (who I might in future remark, before now that her mamma was with her—I inquired of my friend where they abide. He named street, Oxford street, but do not recollect the number," was the answer. "Are you in love? Ha! ha! ha!" said he, in the way of his bail jocular tone." That will do—that's very fair," said I, assuming a little pleasantry at his queries. The conversation was dropped.

Nothing further passed that day concerning the adorable Miss Jackson. To my ineffable surprise, I next day received a card from *Mrs. Jackson*, inviting me to form one of a select company who were to drink tea the next afternoon at her house. My immediate inference was, in the interim, she had met and met with Mrs. Jackson, and the conversation turning by accident, or otherwise, on me, he had spoken favourably of me, and that (but without incurring the imputation of egotism, he had every reason to believe) had the invitation I received was the result. I of course heartily accepted the invitation—drank tea with Mrs. Jackson and friends—and again left my heart behind me. I sat opposite *Miss Jackson* on the occasion, and went home in a state of transport.

"I will write her," thought I; "I will propose a meeting for next Friday evening, at one hour, four o'clock precisely, at Hyde Park Corner." The only hesitation I had in doing this was, that as it was dark when I read the card came from her mother's house, I did not observe the number. I concluded, however, that I knew the street perfectly, the letter would in all probability find her. *I did write her*, and in the next above mentioned, and a more tender note never emanated from a lover's pen.

The same evening the twopenny-postman brought me a neatly-folded letter, the address written in a style of penmanship which seemed to me the most ideal of lady-like practice. I opened the writer; she could be none other than Miss Jackson. I hurried at the end of reading it to open the letter: it spoke of the nature of the contents. The motto was, "Ever thine." I opened the letter with a heart palpitating from joy. I was not disappointed; the charming creature was most propitious. Nothing, she protested, could afford her greater pleasure than to meet me at the time and place appointed. Of what fibre are the cruel men made, to write to me! I purchased a new suit of clothes—called in the aid of the perruquier—spent money at my tailor's—and, in short, I—in preparing for the appointed meeting. Last, though not least, I purchased a handsome gold pencil-case, which I intended to present to Miss Jackson.

The long-wished-for hour came at last. I was punctual to the appointed moment. The afternoon was particularly fine: all the *beau monde of London* were in Hyde Park. Four o'clock struck. I was astonished at the non-appearance of *Miss Jackson*. Five o'clock struck, and I was putting it again into my fob, when a tall, stern, Cossack-looking fellow came up to me, and said, "Sir, are you Mr. ——?" pray, sir, is that your hand-writing?" As he uttered these words, he held before me a letter. I looked, as any one in my situation would have done, amazingly stupid. My face was of the colour of the stone whiskered animal before me—my next, to the sheet which he held in his hand. Sure enough it was my letter to Miss Jackson. I at once recognized the vile penmanship—I write a tolerable scrawl.

"How the deuce could this booby have come by this letter? There is something mysterious in this business. It cannot be that Miss Jackson has also——"

I was interrupted in my unpronounced speculations, by a "Sir, I demand an answer to my question: *is that letter* (holding it in my face) in your handwriting?"

I have already said it was mine; I could not deny it; besides, I am no disciple of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, or Munchausen, and I answered, a subdued tone, "Yes, sir, it is; and pray, wherefore——"

I was about to inquire what interest he could have in the matter—what possible reason he could have to call me to account—but I was not to be was offended—when I was cut short by a tremendous application of a whip—drawn out of the window of a coach—over my face and person.

"Sir, sir, what can be the meaning of——" I essayed to say, but was again cut short—for my utterance was choked in the cracklings of the whip, or my assailant heeded it not. Never was human being more unaccountably treated. I was at a loss to what I deserved, as and will be a mystery; but this I know that, but for the interference of some of the more humane of the crowd, my life and should have received several scores more.

Miss Jackson, as she keeps to her promise; indeed, after what had occurred. I deemed it fortunate she did not. I went home, fully determined to have a duel with her against my parents, so soon as I could ascertain his name and address. I found I would have no difficulty in doing, as there were so many present. As to witnesses to prove the assault, I had chuck of them—witnesses were not at all necessary to advanced state to require.

On my return home, I found the friend who had introduced me to Miss Jackson waiting for me. I mentioned to him what had occurred, and the determination to which I had come to prosecute my ruthless assailant. My friend was very desirous to know who had thus assaulted me, and what could have prompted the fellow to such a step. I told him again, as I told him before though he seemed to think I rather wanted the will than the power, that I could give him no information on either head.

"Can you not, at any rate," said he, "give me some description of the personal appearance of your assailant?" I answered in the affirmative.

"Well, let me hear all you can communicate on the subject." I described the Brute as well as I could.

"Oh! I know who it is! It is Mr. Jackson!" he exclaimed, after a moment's reflection. "Mr. Jackson! impossible! Did you not tell me that Miss Jackson's father was dead, and that she never had a brother?"

"It is another Mr. Jackson," said my friend; "one who lives in the house next door. Do you not recollect having seen a Mrs. Jackson, a beautiful woman, among the presents at Miss Jackson's mother's house? Her husband would have been present also, but was out of town that day."

I did not recollect having seen a newly-married lady at Mrs. Jackson's on the evening in question. I mentioned that to my friend.

"But what possible ground of offence could there have given to her husband?" inquired my friend.

"None in the world that I know of," answered I. "I never saw her in my life before, and as his wife I have never seen before or since that evening."

The matter is certainly involved in much mystery. Did he say nothing when committing the assault, that could have led to injure the esteem of his daughter? Did you not write to *his wife?*—for if you did, however innocently, a jealous husband would construe an epistle from a man to *his wife*, into something bad."

I never in my life penned a syllable to his or any other person's wife; but I will confess to you that I did write Miss Jackson, to whom you know I am not married, and from the hasty glance I had of the letter which my assailant held in his hand, it is the identical one I addressed to her. How he came by that letter, is one of those things I say of the countless incomprehensibilities in nature."

"What was the nature of your note to Miss Jackson, if it be fair to ask such a question?" said my friend.

"It was written in very general terms. I merely, as I suppose is common in all correspondence between the sexes, professed a fervent, an immutable, an eternal attachment to her—an attachment which had formed from the first sight of her on the evening and at the party referred to, and concluding by urgently begging the favour of a meeting with her, next afternoon, at a given hour, at Hyde Park Corner."

"I have it!—I have it!" exclaimed my friend, Archimedes-like. "The letter you intended for *Miss* Jackson, has by mistake gone to *Mrs.* Jackson; and no wonder that the husband should have kindled suspicions in the husband's breast—no wonder that he chastised you as he has."

The hypothesis struck me as probable, though I could not exactly see how the mis-sending of the letter should have occurred.

"I will go to Mr. Jackson's," said my friend, and learn all the particulars from him."

He departed at that moment—he had not far to go; he returned in an hour afterwards, in which time his conjecture was quite right, and that he learned from Mr. J. the whole details of the blows and the cause.

The story may be told in a few words. The two Jacksons, as formerly mentioned, resided in the same street. The house had no brass plate, with the name inscribed on the door; but there was a brass plate, bearing the name of the number of the right house, I could not of course write it on the back of my letter. The postman, in these circumstances, very naturally delivered the letter at the wrong place. I scrawl a wretched indistinct hand; so that, when the letter came to Mrs. Jackson's hands, the young lady probably wishing to pass, in the estimation of her husband, for a woman of surpassing rectitude, showed him my letter, instead of consigning it, as she ought, to the flames.

"I have it, dear," said the husband, "if ever villain deserved chastisement, this rascal does. I'll be with him, next afternoon, at a given hour, at Hyde Park Corner."

"Augustus," said he, "you know Miss Jackson, your cousin, and the lovely creature I received as a present

"A friend in the house," said Montague; "the prince of Wales." "I am thankful you are not the prince of Wales," said Romeo. "Why?" asked the Duke. "Because," said Romeo, "I should be afraid you would be the mother of Miss Montague."

"It would be foolish to call Dr. Gurney, 'spiritually,' as such a name could be the mother of Miss Montague."

He smiled at Romeo's unconsciously after his ingenious comment on Mrs. de Gurney," and seems thoroughly pleased with it.

"It is the same time," said Montague, his countenance brightening, "that I have heard a good thing from a French woman. I remember her husband. He was a Frenchman, and he was a fool. He used to run on his knee and sing to me; and when he sung the Below to the Wood, I pretended to go to sleep to his music, for I was afraid to laugh at him. One day, however, he sang a song which I could not help laughing at, and I was the more unwilling to hear you sing it, for I was afraid you would be offended. It was a song about a man who was in love with a woman, and who was in love with another woman, and who was in love with another woman, and who was in love with another

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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1.* *Advertisements from a distance, are not inserted in the Saturday Evening Post, unless paid for in advance.*

OURSELVES AND OUR PAPER.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO LITERARY, POLITICAL, AND MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

As a matter of some importance, at least to ourselves, we beg leave to announce to all subscribers of the Saturday Evening Post, and to all who may become such hereafter, that the publication of the paper will hereafter to bestow much additional labour and care upon our paper—whereby, we trust, the interest of its columns will be greatly increased, and its circulation much extended. For some months past, much of the attention of the publisher has necessarily been devoted to the publication of a daily newspaper—and from a number released from that engagement, by a transfer of the establishment to other hands, he will be enabled to devote his whole energies to more agreeable and less onerous duties. By the change, he trusts that he will be relieved from many of the perplexities of business, as well as himself, will be greatly benefitted.

The services of BENJAMIN MATTHIAS, Esq., have been secured for the editorial department.

In regard to the literary character of the improvements we propose to make in the paper, we are reluctant to speak, trusting that they will soon be apparent to every reader. It may suffice at present to say, that we have now greater and more numerous facilities than ever for preparing an acceptable sheet, and we are determined that they shall all be rendered available. We have, besides, attentive and able correspondents, whose valuable aid will materially enrich our columns. Our printing-office is large and well furnished, and we have already a subscription press that works with great rapidity, we are now procuring one that will print double the number of sheets in the same time. We have engaged also, also, the labouring our impressions, so as to furnish more reading matter—but, whether we do so or not, will depend upon the punctuality of our subscribers. The enlargement will be made, we may suffice it to say, whenever the funds will settle up their dues by the close of the year. At all events, we shall make a change—a change called for by the outward marks of improvement, and a change that we know will be agreeable and profitable to all.

The Post is one of the oldest papers of the kind in the country—and, from the time of its commencement, has been favoured with a liberal and extensive patronage. It circulates in every state of the Union—in every city, and in almost every principal town in the country. It has been read and sold, by the publisher, to the publisher, to render it one of the very best publications in existence, and he is determined to spare no exertion to secure it that character. The Saturday Evening Posts, Galaxy's &c., on the plan of this paper, which have sprung up in other cities, are so many proofs that the publisher's system is a good one, and so many compliments in favour of its being closely pursued. For all those competitors, there is abundant room, and by their untiring exertions to render the columns of their several papers attractive, the public is greatly benefited.

Our succeeding numbers will be enriched with a number of valuable original articles, now on file, and with selections from recent works and foreign publications, which will be spread out to the great mass of our readers. It is on our power, in this way, to contribute greatly to the intellectual enjoyment of our patrons. With the view of rendering the Post a record of the prominent political events, during the ensuing winter, we have secured the aid of a correspondent at Washington, and another at Harrisburg, who will furnish us with condensed details not only of the public congressional and legislative business, but of the current rumours of the day, political gossip, &c. not to be found in the Washington and Harrisburg papers. Our news department will, as usual, receive unremitting attention; and while we shall be diligent in noticing every occurrence of importance, we shall be careful to avoid giving our columns the appearance of a transcript of the daily journals. One of the most laborious duties of the editor, is the *condensing* of news, so as to give the greatest quantity in a small space.

In consideration of this additional exertion and expense, all we ask from our subscribers is punctuality in remitting their dues. We shall commence the increase in the price of our paper, but issue, in all cases, upon a full quantity next, with the published terms. On the first of January next, we design to cease from our list, all whose arrearages have been permitted to accumulate, in order that hereafter we may have a clean list—for a small number of paying subscribers, is infinitely preferable to a large list of delinquents, who are little better than a dead weight upon an establishment. We trust all who are in arrears, will oblige us by a prompt liquidation of their dues, in order to enable us to commence the new year with cheerful spirits and renewed vigour.

WILDBIER, THE PAINTER.

We shall publish, next week, a thrilling narrative, translated from the German, entitled—"An Adventure of Wildbier, the Painter, in the Black Forest of Germany," furnished us by an intelligent literary friend. We hope to hear frequently from the same source.

In our remarks of 8th November, in relation to the postmaster at Lancaster, Ohio, it appears that we have done Mr. Hunter injustice. The facts stated by us in relation to Mr. Williamson's paper, are correct in the main—but Mr. Drum informs us that he has been so the office about three months only, consequently no charge of negligence can properly be laid to his account. We make this correction with pleasure.

The Influenza prevails to a great extent, at this time, in our city. Almost every individual is, or has been affected, to a greater or less degree. A New York editor gives the annexed recipe, said to be an "infallible" cure:

One oz. extract hyostoc, one oz. paregoric, one oz. antimonial wine. Place the hyostoc in a pan of water, simmer it down to half a pint, and when cold, add the others, taking a swallow when the cough is troublesome.

We furnish a deeply interesting extract from Bulwer's new novel, on our first page, to which we would commend the attention of our readers, if they should have not perused the work. In this work Mr. Bulwer occupies new ground; and it is a matter of felicitation, that the extensive field of ancient Pompeii has been occupied by one able to do it under the respect full justice. As the name of the novel denotes, remarks an intelligent contemporary, the tune, and scene, are those of the days of Pagan misery, and the success with which Mr. Bulwer has dealt with them, shows that they are well adapted for the purposes of romance. In Pompeii were blended the refinement of Greece, and the magnificence and luxury of imperial Rome; arts still flourished amid the barbarie grandeur that yet invested the mistress of the world. Christianity had dawned upon the people, but the gorgeous and poetical superstitions of the Grecians and Egyptians still swayed the millions who resorted to the temples of the gods. In the midst of the virtues of the republic, had given place to more than eastern pomp, luxury and effeminacy, yet multitudes thronged to witness the sanguinary combats of the *gladiators*, as they would now to the theatre with the ferocity of tigers for the entertainment of the people. Such are the elements with which the vivid imagination of Mr. Bulwer has wrought, and the result is a splendid and exciting picture. The story is one of deep and powerful interest, increasing with the progress of the tale, and ending at last in a climax of mingled terror and sublimity in the destruction of the city by a tremendous eruption of Vesuvius, which is wrought up with felicitous power of description.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

At the great Birmingham Musical Festival, which was to take place in the beginning of October, prodigious effort to the instrumental band was anticipated from the introduction of a new instrument, hitherto unknown in England, called the contra-bass *Ophicleide, or Serpent Serpent.* In all brass, spherical appearance, and of the prodigious length of 14 feet, coped, probably, from our American sea serpent. In compass it descends lower than any instrument hitherto known, and its tones have great variety from mellow smoothness to terrific power. It supplies what was a desideratum, a powerful bass, making its invasion so on in music.

An individual named Geer, a resident of this city, was arrested in Lancaster last week, and brought to Philadelphia, on suspicion of being the person who murdered Perry, at the Locust Wood elections, in October last. He underwent an examination before the Mayor, and it appeared in evidence that on the morning after the election, he left the city in a very mysterious manner, taking with him his clothes which were lying in the wash-tub. In the neighborhood of Lancaster, he spoke of the election, of the murder of Perry, and boasted of having knocked down one or more individuals. No positive indications, however, were made against him, and having accounted for his mysterious disappearance by stating that he anticipated an arrest for debt, he was discharged.

We are glad to perceive that the taste for music is increasing in this city. During the past week, we have had no less than three Concerts, all of which were well attended. The entertainment given by the Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday evening, gave entire satisfaction to a very brilliant audience. The Benefit Concert of Mr. Wilhelm, on Thursday evening, in the Spruce street Baptist Church, under the direction of A. G. Bell, was highly creditable to the performers, and passed off very agreeably. The Public Concert of the members of the Musical Fund Society, was given at their Hall, on Thursday evening. The selection of music was excellent. The popular Miss Watson, Mr. Hause, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Taylor, were among the performers; and their talent and skill excited general admiration. Miss Watson is one of the most agreeable vocalists we have ever heard.

SILVER MINE.

By a late arrival from Mexico, we learn that a vein of rich silver ore has been discovered in the state called Vizcaina, one of the mines at Real del Monte near Pachuca, in the intendancy of New Mexico. For many years past these mines have been worked with little or no success by a British company, whose expenditure on them already exceeds one million sterling. A further outlay will now be required to profit by this fortunate discovery, and the English shareholders will probably raise it; if they do, it is to be hoped that under the present administration they will not be cheated out of the produce of their mine, as the English United Mexican Association were out of the mine of Rayas.

The investigations which have been made in reference to the bank charter bonders, on the line of the Washington Rail-road, near Baltimore, have led to the arrest of several individuals, but nothing has as yet transpired to implicate any one in the deed of blood.

From the Baltimore Gazette we learn that on Saturday night the rioters forcibly entered a tavern kept by Mrs. Hays, about a mile on the Washington turnpike, usually called the half-way, of which they kept possession, appropriating to their own use every thing which they wished. Another party broke into Mr. Harrison's store, one mile this side of Mrs. Harrison's, and took away all the goods which they could find, the larger quantity having been previously removed by the owner.

The citizens of Anne Arundel county have met at Waterloo, and have established a guard to assist in keeping the peace, which, with the efforts of private individuals and other measures now in progress, it is thought will restore tranquility.

The Baltimore American of Tuesday, says in a postscript:

"The latest accounts—received since the above was in type,—represent that the infuriated wretches at the scene of the late disturbances, are in a state of fearful and violent excitement, and seem determined to setat defiance all attempts at restraint or law. They now become the terror of the surrounding country, and some not longer remains any question but that the most prompt and effectual measures will become indispensable for their apprehension and punishment.

A detachment from the 5th Brigade, with Capt. Boddin's troop of the Third Brigade, under the command of Lieut. Col. Campbell, has been ordered to the Washington Railroad, and will leave the depot in Charles street, at 9 o'clock (or soon after) this morning.

It is hoped the companies detached will be filled, and the requisite proportion of officers for which they are detailed will be well performed.

THEATRICAL.

Miss Jarman, Mr. Ternan, and Mr. Matthews, continue to draw crowded houses at the Chesnut street theatre. The last two have appeared in some of our play-goers, and secured a brilliant reputation. Her Lady Teazle, on Saturday last, was a most polished performance, and delighted us with the exercise of her usual fund of fashion. Mr. Matthews, during the week, has appeared in several dramatic characters. His Monsieur Morbleau, and Dr. Olapod, are irresistibly humourous. It is suggestion of these distinguished players is about drawing to a close, but the managers, we learn, have other attractions in readiness.

Mrs. Duff and Miss Riddle are playing in Baltimore with great success. The veteran Cooper is in Boston. Mad. Celeste continues to attract crowds to the Bowery, New York. Mr. Wallack and Miss Phillips are playing at the Park. The Italian Opera House continues open, and succeeds better than was anticipated. Its season will probably close with the first of December. Mr. A. A. Adams, has been winning golden opinions in the West. Mrs. Hamblichas engaged the Richmond Theatre, and will shortly open with a powerful company. Mr. Wheatley closed a very successful engagement at the Albany Theatre, on Tuesday evening of his week.

GEOLOGY IN SCHOOLS.

The study of Geology has lately been introduced into some of the schools of Baltimore, with decided success. The subject is at once simple and sublime, deeply interested in the subject, and willingly devote their leisure hours to the collecting and examining of specimens within their reach. This is a judicious movement, and we hope it will be followed up in all parts of the country.

The introduction of geology into schools, says an intelligent writer in the *Family Lyceum*, would tend to promote moral improvements among the young. Perhaps there are not two more unfortunate circumstances attending our system of popular education, than the ignorance of children in the schoolroom are irksome, and those for recreation are dissipating to the mind. If school hours could be rendered pleasant for the pupil, and various sources of useful instruction, the great work of reform in cultivating intellectual and moral taste would be fairly begun. The more innocent and useful amusements are introduced around the fireside, the more order and decorum will there be to pursue those which are pernicious or unclean. No subject, perhaps, is better fitted to this end than geology. Little pupils of tender age, instruction, than geology, and few are better fitted to show the power and wisdom of Him, 'who weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.'

NULLIFICATION.

A citizen, requiring the State of Georgia, to support the doctrine of State rights, has called a Meeting of January next, to answer to that tribunal for having caused a person who had committed murder within the limits of the Cherokee country, in that state, to be arrested and convicted of the crime, and then placed in the hands of Gov. Lumpkin, signed by Henry Baldwin, Esq. one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In his message to the Legislature for the present session, the Governor says:

"This mandate ought to be considered in no other light than that of a direct and flagrant attempt to control the State in the exercise of its ordinary criminal jurisdiction, which has been exclusively vested by our Constitution exclusively in our own Superior Courts. Such a control over our own Courts, and especially in the first instance, was never before delegated to the United States, and consequently cannot be acquiesced in, or submitted to, by the People of this State without a violation of their rights. The powers not delegated by the Constitution of the U. States are prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively."

The Governor proceeds to enlarge the evident rights of the State to govern its entire population, of whatever complexion, and points all offences committed against the laws within those limits, the punishment being left to the cases expressly excepted by the Constitution of the U. States. Consider a direct usurpation of power, which has never been granted by the States. Such attempts may be made in the future, and if the doctrine of it be persevered in, they will eventuate in the dismemberment and overthrow of our great confederacy. For a people to submit to usurpation, is to encourage it. I shall wholly disregard all such unconstitutional organizations of whatever character or origin, and to the utmost of my power, protect and defend the rights of this State, and use the means afforded me, to maintain the Laws and Constitution of the same."

This smacks strongly of nullification, and we are curious to know what will be the result. The position assumed by the Governor, is precisely similar to the ground taken by the State Rights' party of South Carolina, for which they were denounced as nullifiers.

Correspondence of the Saturday Evening Post.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1834.

DEAR SIR:—Our city is beginning to assume more evidences of returning bustle and animation. Both houses of Congress will assemble next week, and our citizens are now actively engaged in making preparations for that event. Proprietors of hotels and boarding-houses are brushing up their furniture, and getting all things in order for their guests; and mechanics, store-keepers, and all classes of society, find some arrangements necessary for the expected increase of population. Many members of Congress have already arrived, and there is no doubt but that a quorum will be in attendance on the first day of the session.

Much speculation is afloat in relation to the probable contents of the President's message. The situation of affairs between this country and France, would seem to call for considerable interest and consideration, while towards England it has been the reverse. I do not believe our people are prepared for a war with France, about so trifling a matter as a few thousand dollars.

It is believed that the message will make pointed reference to the United States Bank, and perhaps the sale of the stock held by our government will be recommended. The result of the recent elections, is considered here as conclusive evidence in regard to the unpopularity of the bank; and it is probable that the President may refer to this fact as sustaining the ground assumed in previous communications to Congress.

The approaching session, although it will be brief—commencing, as it does, on the 4th of March next—will unquestionably be one of interest. As regards the state of parties, there will be but little variation from the last session. The opposition will control the Senate, and the administration the House. Party feeling will be conspicuous on both sides, and the anxiety felt in relation to the subject of the next Presidency, will be all absorbing. Perhaps a candidate may be nominated in Congressional caucus. Van Buren, and Judge White, of Tennessee, are the most prominent names in the administration party—the latter is most respected in the South. Of the movements of both parties, as well as of the important topics before Congress, I shall endeavour to keep you advised.

THE SCHOOL LAW.

We have taken some pains to procure information in relation to the popularity of the School law of the last session, and are enabled to make the following statement.

The bill has been accepted in the following counties:

Armstrong,	(a)	Bradford,	(e)
Huntingdon,	(b)	Tioga,	(e)
Erie,	(g)	Luzerne,	(e)
Alleghany,	(d)	Bedford,	(f)
Centre,	(e)	Juniata,	(a)
Beaver,	(f)	Cumberland,	(e)
Clarion,	(g)	Carbon,	(e)
Crawford,	(h)	Venango,	
Delaware,	(i)	Clearfield,	(e)
Franklin,	(j)	Fayette,	
Lycoming,	(k)	Greene,	
Mifflin,	(l)	Indiana,	
Northumberland,	(m)	Pike,	
Susquehanna,	(n)	McKean,	
Washington,	(o)	Potter,	
Jefferson,	(p)	Perry,	
Mercer,		Warren,	(e)
		and Wayne.	

In all thirty-five counties, equal to about twothirds of the whole state.

(a) All in the county, except two, were in favour of the bill. The convention published full minutes of its proceedings, in the Kittanning Gazette, from which we learn, that the whole number of taxable inhabitants in that county, is estimated at 6,4, and the appropriation is $963 47, and the tax laid by the convention $1925 95, being an average of about 40 cents to each taxable. The total school fund then for the county is $2889 42.

(b) The convention of delegates, by a vote of ten to nine, resolved to levy a tax of $5000 for common school purposes.

(c) The bill was accepted unanimously, and the delegates resolved to raise $4000, by taxation, to carry its provisions into effect.

(d) Accepted by a nearly unanimous vote, and the requisite provision made.

(e) Appropriation $3000.

(f) Appropriation $2000. A tax to raise the amount of $3727 26, was ordered by a vote of 11 to 5.

(g) A tax of six mills to the dollar, on the county valuation, was authorized to be collected for school purposes.

(h) The sum of $3500 was authorized to be raised for school purposes, by a vote of 21 to 8.

(i) Yeas 26—nays 6. The sum of $4200 was authorized to be raised by taxation.

(j) Appropriation ordered by a vote of 11 yeas to 8 nays.

(k) Yeas 26—nays 6.

(l) The sum of $4250 ordered to be raised by an unanimous vote.

(m) Yeas 12—nays 10.

(n) An appropriation of $1529 20 ordered by an unanimous vote.

(o) An appropriation of $4000 ordered.

(p) The sum of $105 66 was ordered to be raised by the delegates, to carry the law into effect.

(q) Amount ordered to be raised by taxation, about $1000.

(r) This county, although small in population, has agreed to levy a tax of $3000.

(s) Yeas 14—nays 4. The sum of $2642 40 was ordered to be raised for school purposes.

(t) Yeas 12—nays 4.

(u) Appropriation of $3000 ordered.

(v) Appropriation $2500.

(w) Appropriation $1850.

(x) The delegates elected were unanimous in favour of the bill, and made arrangements for raising a tax of two mills on the dollar.

The bill has been rejected in the following counties:

Dauphin,	(1)	Adams,	(9)
Lancaster,	(2)	Somerset,	(10)
Berks,	(3)	Schuylkill,	(11)
Columbia,	(4)	Lebanon,	(12)
Westmoreland,	(5)	York,	(13)
Berks,	(6)	Union,	(14)
Chester,	(7)	Lehigh,	(15)
Northumberland,	(8)	Montgomery,	(16)

(1) In the delegation of elected directors, eleven townships were represented. The vote stood two townships in favour, and nine township, with the three county commissioners, against accepting the law.

(2) Yeas 11—nays 15, and the three county commissioners.

(3) Yeas 8—nays 17. The majority appointed a committee to draft a memorial to the legislature, praying for a repeal of the law.

(4) Yeas 3—nays 9.

(5) Yeas 11—nays 11. The delegates in favour of the bill, ordered the appropriation of $4656.

(6) Yeas 3—nays 20.

(7) Yeas 17—nays 37. The majority agreed to accept the law, and made the usual appropriation, but the majority appointed a committee to petition for a repeal of the law.

(8) Yeas 6—nays 9. The minority accepted the bill for the whole county.

(9) Yeas 7—nays 12. The delegates from the seven townships in the minority, have agreed to levy a tax.

(10) Yeas 2—nays 9.

(11) Yeas 4—nays 6.

(12) Rejected by an unanimous vote.

(13) Two townships only in favour of the bill.

(14) Yeas 3—nays 20.

(15) Rejected by a large vote.

(16) A number of townships in this county elected directors friendly to the bill, but at the general meeting, it was agreed to postpone the subject until May next.

Sixteen counties, in which there are large numbers of Germans, have highly favorable feelings in regard to school purposes, and authorized a tax for their support. By the counties of Lancaster, Adams, Northumberland and Westmoreland, the townships which have accepted the bill, contain a majority of the population of the respective counties. Philadelphia city and county were considered exempt from the provisions of the bill, and no vote was taken by the people on the subject.

It is stated in a New York paper of Monday that Miss Clara Fisher was to be married on Tuesday at Boston to J. G. Maeder, so favourably known to the musical world.

Congress will assemble on Monday next, and continue in session until the 4th of March. The Legislature of this State, will convene on Tuesday. The passages of President Jackson, and Gov. Wolf, may be expected about Wednesday. We shall make arrangements for laying them before our readers in our next.

HEALTH OF BALTIMORE.

The number of deaths in Baltimore, last week, was 51, of which four were by cholera, which occurred at the commencement of the week. The health of the city is now considered as being fully restored. The whole number of deaths from cholera, during the present season, was 71, as follows:

	Total Deaths.	*By Cholera.*
Week ending 30 Nov.	56	4
" " 23th,	67	29
" " 17th,	91	33
" " 9th,	51	5
	274	71

THE ECLIPSE.

The most remarkable of the phenomena of the present year, will, according to the calculations of astronomers, happen to-morrow. This is an eclipse of the moon, which, in some places, will be total. There has been but one total eclipse in one hundred and nineteen years, viz: in June, 1806, which was visible, in all its sublimity, in the New England states. In Massachusetts the total obscuration lasted between four and five minutes, and it is stated that no one European astronomers crossed the Atlantic for the express purpose of witnessing this great phenomenon, and he well repaid for their trouble, the atmosphere being perfectly clear till the eclipse was over. The eclipse of to-morrow, is the third of the very uncommon class of first lunar eclipses, which will occur in the short space of seven years. The fourth of the series, according to the American Almanack, will take place May 15th, 1838, and the last September 18th, 1838.

The following calculations of the time of the eclipse in various places, are published by Mr. David Young, of Newark, N. J.

Places.	*Begins. Ecl. end. Obs.*	*Dur. ation*	*Dark ness*	*Digits eclip.*
	h. m.	h. m.	h. m.	
Rochester,	0 41	3 3	1 19	4. 10
Montreal,	0 7	3 29	1 45	4. 10
Albany,	0 2	3 53	2 09	4. 10
Boston,	11 57	3 57	2 12	4. 10
Hartford,	11 54	3 59	2 14	4. 10
New York,	11 51	3 52	2 07	4. 10
Philadelphia,	11 39	3 52	2 07	4. 10
Philadelphia,	0 58	3 51	2 06	4. 10
Washington,	0 58	3 51	2 06	4. 10
Richmond,	0 51	3 47	2 02	4. 10
Oneonta,	0	3 51	2 07	4. 10
Washington,	0	4 0	2 16	4. 10
Lexington,	11	3 57	2 12	4. 10
Lexington,	11	3 51	2 07	4. 10
Charleston,	11	3 43	2 00	4. 10
Nashville,	11	3 51	2 08	4. 10
Natchez,	11	3 43	2 00

Thirteenth Year of Life.
Three shows in all the Saturdays.

WHY DIDN'T HE POPE?

BY T. C. BATEY.

Why don't the man propose, mamma?
Why don't he pop the question?
Each time he comes to see me
He sits and looks so glum.
And when we're out a-walking
He walks along with me,
And talks about the weather,
And such a stupid bore!
Why don't he pop the question?
Why don't he pop it, ma?
Is he afraid I'll say "No, sir,"
When he asks me if I'll have?
Why don't he pop the question?
Why don't he pop it, pa?
Is he afraid I'll say "No, sir,"
When he asks me if I'll have?